What All the Fuss is About

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In which Kan'u learns that she can trust Chou'un with more than her back. Adult themes, largely stemming from Chou'un being Chou'un.

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Introduction

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DISCLAIMER ONE: I do not own Koihime Musou, or any of its characters. I just think Chou'un is *awesome* . (Hmm, where have I said this before?)

DISCLAIMER TWO: For those keeping score, Kan'u Unchou is known to her friends by her given name of Aisha. Chou'un Shiryuu is similarly known to those close to her by her given name of Sei.

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Kan'u Unchou stared fixedly at the ceiling of her shared bedroom for several long moments. "Oh," she whispered at last. "I… see. So *that's* what all the fuss is about, then."

With the unfamiliar (but welcome) feeling of warm skin sliding against her own, her companion crept up from the vicinity of her legs and settled beside her, tracing an idle hand over muscular arms and feminine curves. "I've been trying to tell you, you know."

After letting out a long breath, Kan'u turned her head to look into that familiar face: the soft violet eyes were half-lidded and the pale blue hair mussed from her recent activities, but the smirk was the same as always. "And all this time I thought you were trying to goad me into finding a *man* ."

Chou'un Shiryuu kissed the nearest bit of Kan'u that she could reach, which happened at that moment to be her shoulder. "And miss the chance to be your first? Perish the thought. As your first traveling companion, I always hoped the honor of being your first lover could be mine as well."

"Rinrin was my first traveling companion," Kan'u reminded her.

"As your first traveling companion who isn't eleven years old and your adopted sister, then," Chou'un grinned.

"Why did you want this… *honor* so badly, Sei?"

"I should think that would be obvious by now," Chou'un said in a low voice, leaning in to kiss Kan'u again, this time on the lips. "Out of respect, out of the deepest admiration and devotion, and out of love."

Kan'u arched an eyebrow at her companion. "Respect and admiration?" she repeated. "This from the Sei who commonly introduces me before a battle by saying 'Even though she is *not* the peerless beauty spoken of in legend, I assure you that this *is* the Black-Haired Bandit Hunter?'"

"I couldn't very well have anyone *else* mesmerized by your beauty," Chou'un smirked.

"The Sei who also introduces me to our foes as someone whose legendary black hair is not limited to that on her head?"

"I speak only the truth."

"The Sei who is so devoted to me that she molested Bachou in her sleep the first night she spent with us?"

Chou'un raised her eyebrows. "I merely said to her in the morning that I would not tell her what I did to her. I didn't specify whether or not there was anything to tell."

"The Sei who, hours after we met, was doing very naughty things to me with her knee while we were huddled in a box together trying to smuggle ourselves into a bandit lair?"

"It was a *very* cramped box, Aisha. I had to put my knee *somewhere*."

Kan'u let out a laughing sigh. "Why you, Sei?"

"I should hope that would be obvious as well," Chou'un smiled, peering closely into the other warrior's eyes. "Because of all the others, you trust me most."

"Well, yes, I trust you with my back when we're in battle. With you at my back, I feel invincible."

"Likewise."

"But this… is a little different."

"Perhaps I simply wanted more than your back," Chou'un considered, after which she gave Kan'u a decidedly wicked smile. "Such as your front… or your top… or your bottom." Each of these was accompanied by a tickle or pinch to the appropriate location, and Kan'u shrieked with laughter, her arms flailing sufficiently to knock Chou'un off the bed entirely.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" She gasped, immediately extending a hand to her fallen lover.

Chou'un allowed herself to be pulled back onto the bed. "Well, I suppose I deserved that," she chuckled, rubbing her sore backside.

"Is there anything I can do to make it better?" Kan'u asked innocently.

"Hmm, tempting," Chou'un grinned. "Perhaps after a few more lessons, though. I've barely begun your education, after all."

Kan'u let out a snort. "You're a formidable woman, Chou'un Shiryuu."

Very suddenly, Chou'un swung one leg over her reclined companion, and pushed herself up until she was straddling the other woman. For a moment, she looked down at her new lover and smiled softly, but then her face became uncharacteristically serious as she lightly trailed the fingers of both hands over the lines and curves of Kan'u's body. "I would follow you into Hell itself, Aisha," she whispered.

"I know you would. And I know I'd be safe, even there, because you'd have my back."

The serious face cracked. "And the rest of you, I hope."

She bent over Kan'u and shared a long, languid kiss, then gracefully rolled off to one side, stood, and retrieved her robe from the floor. "For now, though, this formidable woman needs to avail herself of the local facilities."

"Don't be long," Kan'u whispered, pulling the covers around herself in a feeble attempt to make up for the missing warmth and softness.

Chou'un nodded as she tied up the sash of her robe, then slipped outside of the room they were sharing. Kan'u stretched slowly, smiling at the memory of their recent antics. She was certainly looking forward to more lessons, if for no other reason than to one day turn the tables on her sensei and give back some of the pleasure she'd just been granted.

Within mere seconds, the door opened again, and Chou'un rushed back inside. "A crime has been committed in this room!" she said in a dramatic voice.

Kan'u's eyes first widened, then narrowed, as she took in the only marginally different sight of Chou'un, now wearing her black and gold butterfly mask. She hadn't even changed her robe.

"Whatever wrongdoing has taken place here will be avenged a hundredfold by a lone butterfly sent from the heavens, the Guardian of Justice and Beauty, *Kachou Kamen!* "

Deciding to play along this time, Kan'u brought a hand to her forehead in a mock-faint. "Oh, Kachou Kamen, thank goodness you're here! There was a woman with light blue hair who came into the room and stole my maidenhood! It was *terrible!* "

Under the mask, Kan'u was sure that one of Chou'un's eyelids twiched. "Hmm, *terrible*, was it?"

Thoroughly enjoying the chance to be the one doing the teasing for a change, Kan'u nodded, the hand dropping to her chest. "Oh, yes, very terrible indeed! I didn't know what to do!"

"Well, *that* much is true," Chou'un said under her breath.

"What was that?" Kan'u feigned.

With one fluid motion, Chou'un whipped off her robe, leaving her dressed only in the mask. With another, she dove into the bed beside Kan'u. "Fear not for your missing maidenhood, dear lady! *Kachou Kamen shall help you find it!* "

The End